

# One Day, She'll Know

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Summary: A one-shot, featuring one of Bigby and Snow's most defining scenes from the game. Bigby's struggle between loving Snow, and being unable to express his feeling correctly. This also touches on Bigby and Snow's personal faults.

## One Day, She'll Know

Hi, everyone reading this. Thank you for taking the time to read my first-ever fanfiction! I was inspired to write a fanfiction about Bigby and Snow from 'The Wolf Among Us,' because while playing/watching a game, you miss out on the character's in-depth thoughts, as supposed to reading a book or a comic. I was also inspired, because I loved Bigby and Snow as characters, and I couldn't get enough of them. I still can't. Since the ending of episode 5, I've re-watched walkthroughs of the game at least seven times so far, I've re-read 'The Wolf Among Us' comic already, and I'm actively looking for more fanfiction to read focusing on Bigby and Snow (I'm a huge shipper).

You might say "why don't you read Fables," and although I tried to do that, I hated Bigby and Snow's personalities in the original comic, and I felt their love-arc didn't do them justice. I guess that's another reason I love 'The Wolf Among Us' so much, because there's more possibilities of where their relationship can go, by the end, if you haven't read 'Fables.'

This fanfiction is a pretty simple one. It's a description of a few of my favorite scenes in the game, between Bigby and Snow, that I think really define their relationship. I also wanted this to be a romance one-shot and character analysis. I love these characters-flaws and all-and I wanted an entertaining way to lightly talk about Bigby and Snows personal and relationship problems. Please review. Any constructive criticism is more than welcomed.

## Scene 1

"Fuck you!" shouted Bigby at Crane as he grabbed at his boss's shirt, and prepared his fist to make impact with the older Fable's face. Crane whimpered as he quickly tried to cover his face in a futile effort against Bigby's assault.

Sheriff Bigby wanted to do everything he could to find Snow White's killer. Justice was his responsibility, after all, but more than that- Snow White was his best friend. The only person who gave him care and encouragement. The only person who didn't judge him for what he used to be. She never treated him, like the monster the other Fables of Fabletown saw him as. She was always on his side, and Bigby felt like he failed her. There were so many things he put aside for Snow to know and now, it was too late. She would never know how he felt. She was gone, now, leaving Bigby hurt and full of rage. No one cared about her more than Bigby did, and he refused to let anyone get away with accusing him of the reason she was killed.

Bigby was more than willing to hurt Crane, but just when he was about to strike, he smelt that forever familiar scent. The memorizing light-sweet musk and lavender-apple perfume. He smelt it constantly and so much stronger, now that she was gone, he almost couldn't be sure if his senses weren't playing tricks on him. He froze as he heard the heavy metal door begin to open, with a look of sincere hopefulness in his eyes. The door widened, confirming his hope. It was none other than Snow White.

"What's going on down here?" she demanded, angrily. Upon inspection of the room, she was treated to the sight of Blue-Beard, sporting a short sword, dangerously close to an already tied and beaten prisoner, while Bigby held their cowering boss. She crossed her arms and leaned her weight on to her right hip. "I'm waiting," she said, impatiently, now looking directly at the sheriff. The room remained silent as all four men stared at her, in surprise.

"Snow?" Crane finally exclaimed, while wringing his shirt out of Bigby's firm grasp.

This brought to Bigby's attention, that he was still holding Crane and quickly released him. Bigby couldn't believe she was there in front of him. He didn't know how to react. He stood completely still, as if any sudden movements would make her disappear. He knew, by her scent, it was really her. There was suddenly a strong urge threatening to over-take him, the more his eyes drank in the site of her. He wanted to run, reach for her and take her into his embrace and never let her go. For a brief moment, he considered giving into his desires, making unconscious, dazed movements towards her. It wasn't until he was arm's length away from her, that he stopped his self from proceeding further.

"Bigby," Snow said firmly, her tone escalated at the peak of her patients. "What's going on?"

With a more sobered expression, the sheriff turned his away from her to survey the room, behind him, which then held all eyes on him. He held his gaze on his prisoner's bleeding mouth and temple, before looking back at Snow, shamefully and somber. He didn't want her to see what he had done-he didn't think she would ever see. He lowered his eyes to the space between them. He just couldn't bring his self

to look her in the eye, and be faced with her anger and disapproval.

Another long moment of silence passed before Snow inhaled deeply at him. It became clear to her that she wasn't going to get any answers, here. "Come with me," she said turning on her heels to exit the interrogation room. Bigby sprang in motion to follow close behind her.

## Scene 2

Bigby and Snow walked to the elevators in painful silence. Bigby wanted to say something, but he could tell she was furious at him. Finally, she stopped and turned to him.

"What the hell was going on down there, Bigby?" Her tone was calmer than it had been in the interrogation room, but he could still hear the anger behind her words. Bigby looked away from her, again. "Abusing a prisoner, like that," she continued. "I thought you could control yourself." Bigby knew he should've apologized, admitted he should've tried harder to control his anger, and promised her it would never happen again. He knew it would have been the right thing to do, and yet, he didn't. He chose to keep these words to his self, and in his typical defensive fashion, retorted angrily at her.

"I was doing my job." He was now facing her.

"So your job is beating people up?" she questioned angrily. Bigby winced as he struggled forming a response to justify his actions.

"Getting answers," he corrected, weakly. He didn't know why he just couldn't swallow his pride and admit when he's wrong. He always allowed his pride to get in the way of expressing his real feelings. How would he ever hope to further develop a relationship with Snow if he doesn't even know how to genuinely express his self?

Snow shook her head in her hand, frustrated. "Well, I hope it was worth your time," she retorted, while walking past Bigby, in a quick and dismissing manner, toward the elevator doors. Bigby followed her, and stopped beside, giving her a confused look. Finally, he said "Okay, you're going to have to explain this to me, 'cuz I'm really not getting it." Snow then proceeded to tell Bigby about the "Snow White" glamoured-body Toad Jr. found, the other night.

The elevator doors finally opened at the Business Office floor. Bigby noticed as Snow began to walk out, she seemed suddenly dejected. "I just..." Snow started. Bigby looked attentively at her, with growing concern, as he followed.

"What is it?" He encouraged her to continue.

She turned around, and faced him. "I just feel responsible, in a way. She looked just like me, and maybe that's why she was killed."

Bigby thought about this for a moment, before stating "If someone wants you dead, sooner or later, they'll realize they missed their target."

"Then they'll come looking for me," she finished, crossing her arms

sternly. "We just need to figure out who did this, and why she was glamoured to look like me. Snow turned and proceeded up the hall to the Business Office. "So what's our next move?" she asked.

Snow's life was in danger. Her safety had to be Bigby's number one priority. "Maybe you should lie low," he suggested. "Until we know what's going on."

"Oh, and what am I supposed to do all day," she snapped, turning on her heels to face him, again. "Sit around the Business Office all day, twiddling my thumbs, waiting for the Big Bad Wolf to solve all my problems."

Bigby loved Snow, but he wasn't blind to her faults. She had a habit of pushing the people that cared about her away. She typically dismisses genuine concern for her, as a mask for accusing her of being incapable. He always knew she was an independent and capable woman, but her stubbornness to prove so typically resulted in an argument.

"That's not what I meant," he said firmly, knowing perfectly well where she was going with this.

"Then what did you mean?" She demanded. Her voice risen considerably. "I already told you I'm not going to be an errand girl for Crane, anymore."

At that point Bigby decided he was ready to try and open up to Snow. Tell her how he felt, thinking he had lost her forever, and how nothing had ever terrified him more, than living in a world without her. This was the moment he needed her to know. He needed her to understand him. "I just want you to be careful," he said, quickly. His tone softened, as he took a shallow exhale. And with a rare vulnerability in his voice, he continued. "I almost lost you once-" but before he could finish his thought he was suddenly interrupted.

"I'm not yours to loose!" Snow roared.

Bigby was caught off guard in disbelief. He opened his mouth to respond, but he could gather any words. All he could do was look away, with a hurt expression. All those years he quietly hoped the one day he could muster up the courage to tell her how he felt and that she would at lease listen to what he had to say, felt wasted. He felt rejected, and immediately regretted his attempt.

Snow must have noticed the pained look on his face. She looked away, quickly, and apologized. She then declared that even though it was dangerous for her to be too involved in this case, she could handle herself. The topic was soon ended and they proceeded into the Business Office together to talk to TJ, leaving their personal relationship behind.

### Bigby's Realization

Once in a while, Bigby thinks back to that conversation. The more times he does, the more he realizes that just because Snow didn't respond in the way he hoped, doesn't mean he should give up on her. When he tried to open up to her, she was already angry and distracted by her own feelings. He decided he wasn't going to let that instance

deter him from the thought that they could ever be together. Maybe one day, they'll both be ready to admit their feelings for each other, but in the meantime he should appreciate the friendship that they have.

End  
file.